

THE ARTELL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRIE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1830.

NO. 13.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biography of an American Soldier and Sailor.
—We question whether the individual records of Bonaparte's army would furnish a parallel to the following simple but affecting narrative, with which we have been favored in manuscript by a valued friend. It was written some time since; and we are informed that the subject of it died in consequence of a fall, in February last. Such a narrative brings vividly before the mind the toils and hardships endured by the men who achieved a Nation's Liberty.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NATHAN JACQUES, OF RHODE ISLAND.

He was born in Narraganset in that state, in the year 1739. In 1757 he enlisted in Captain Green's company in the Rhode Island regiment, commanded by Colonel John Whiting. They went by water to New York and Albany, and lay that summer at Fort Edward, and were there when Fort William Henry, on Lake George, distant 16 miles, was taken by the French: at the end of that campaign they were disbanded, and he returned home. In the spring of 1758 he enlisted in Captain Samuel Rose's company in the Rhode Island regiment, commanded by Colonel Harry Babcock, a very gallant officer. They went by water to New York and Albany, and joined the army assembling at Fort Edward under General Abercromby, of 16,000 men, British and Provincials, to invade Canada. They marched to Fort William Henry and embarked on Lake George in the morning in whale boats and batteaux: lay on shore on the west side of the Lake the first night, and landed near Ticonderoga the next morning. Some skirmishing soon took place with a reconnoitering party of the French, in which Lord Howe, the second in command, was killed.—The next forenoon they attacked the French lines—a breastwork of logs, with an *abbatis*. The action lasted till the middle of the afternoon, when they were repulsed with great loss, and retreated hastily under great discouragement. The Rhode Island regiment was in line with the British the whole day: their Colonel was shot through the thigh and was carried off the field by Jacques and two others, and then he resumed his station in the ranks. The army after this defeat returned to their boats and recrossed the Lake that night. About half the regiment were then despatched to join a body under Colonel Bradstreet, on the expedition against Fort Catarqui, at the issue of the river St. Lawrence from Lake Ontario: this detachment was commanded by Major Wall, and Jacques was among them: they took and dismantled the Fort, and brought the prisoners, artillery and stores to Fort Stanwix, and spent the remainder of the summer there; in the fall they were disbanded, and he went home.

In the spring of 1759 he enlisted again in Captain Rose's company, but he forgets who was their Colonel this year; his company went to Fort Stanwix and was employed in carrying provisions to Fort Oswego. The regiment was discharged in the fall—and Jacques spent the winter in working on the Mohawk. The next spring (1760) he enlisted in Captain Christopher Yates's company in the third battalion of New York Provin-

cials, Colonel Rosecrant's—marched to Oswego and their joined the army under Sir Jeffrey Amherst—thence by water and took Oswigotchie, and thence to Montreal, which also surrendered; afterwards his battalion returned to Oswego, and thence to Schenectady, where they were discharged. Jacques remained on the Mohawk that winter, working among the farmers—and in the spring of 1761 he enlisted in the same company and battalion, and went and employed the summer in enlarging Fort Oswego—there having been only a small Fort there before. In the fall they were disbanded and he spent the winter at Coohawaga on the Mohawk. In the next spring (1762) he enlisted in the British 40th regiment, commanded by Major Arthur Hamilton, and in the company of Captain George Coventry, and was drafted into the grenadier company commanded by Captain Bradstreet—went from Albany to New York and there embarked on the expedition against Havanna—was actively employed in its reduction, and afterwards returned with the regiment to New York; soon after which they were ordered to Halifax, whither he went with them, and remained till 1766, when the regiment being reduced to 39 men to a company, and about to embark for England, he, in order to get his discharge, purchased it at the expense of five guineas, which he had borrowed, and spent a year there afterwards, working to raise money to repay the loan.—This he thought a hardship, as many of the men were discharged freely; and he attributed the exception in his case and that of some other young able bodied men, to avarice in the officers, taking advantage of their good condition to extort money. After having paid his debt he returned to Narraganset and married, and supported himself and family as a laborer.

In January 1775 he entered as a sailor on board a merchant ship from Newport bound to Jamaica, from whence she went to Savannah in Georgia, loaded with lumber to return to Jamaica, but when on the point of sailing, five British men of war arrived, who took them (it being soon after the battle of Lexington) and he was put on board the Raven sloop of 14 guns, who went to Cape Fear in North Carolina, and anchored off the river.—At night he left them and swam ashore, near a mile—went to Brunswick and Wilmington—got a pass and a passage by water to Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting, and finding they were enlisting men for the continental ship *Reprisal*, Capt. Lambert Weeks, of 16 six pounders and 132 men, he entered, and they sailed on a cruise. At Cape May they found a vessel driven on shore by a British cruiser, and endeavoring to protect her, the Captain's brother (a Lieutenant) being sent on shore with a party, was killed. The *Reprisal* then returned to Philadelphia, and took on board William Bingham and another gentleman, to carry them to Martinique, where Bingham was to reside as agent for the American armed ships. They took three prizes on the passage; on approaching the harbor of St. Pierre, the British ship *Shark* of 16 guns, came out and engaged them; they fought three half-hour glasses, when the *Shark* sheered off, a good deal damaged, but the *Reprisal* did not receive a shot in the hull. They then went into the harbor of St. Pierre and landed their passengers, and soon after the *Shark* came in on a career. They sailed the next morning for Port Royal in the same Island, and thence

to Philadelphia; and in December 1776, sailed to carry Dr. Franklin to France—landed him at *Painbeuff*, near Nantz—lay there a fortnight, and sailed on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay—took five prizes, among them the *Swallow Packet*, from Falmouth for Lisbon, of 16 guns, which fought half an hour—lost a man and four slightly wounded—carried her into L'Orient, and lay there several weeks—hove down and repaired the ship, and the Captain went to Paris. They sailed again and cruised in the Irish and English channels, and round the highlands of Scotland; having joined near Scilly, two American privateers, they cruised in concert. They took twenty-five prizes, sunk fifteen of them, after taking out the men and stores, and manned and sent into port ten, which all arrived safe. On their return to France, off the land's end of England, saw a man-of-war, who gave chase; they separated and all finally escaped; but the *Reprisal* being singled out as the chief object, was so closely pursued as to throw her guns overboard; and, hardly escaping, reached St. Maloes, where she re-armed, and receiving back all her men from the prizes, sailed for Boston; when, 18 days out, off the western islands, on the 3d of November 1777, after a terrible gale of wind, which had somewhat subsided, at four o'clock, P. M. a squall struck the ship—she was put before it under the foresail—when they shipped two seas in quick succession, which knocked her down, and she sunk immediately, it being supposed the weather guns broke loose. Jacques soon found himself swimming, and, for near an hour, without any thing to assist him. At length one of the gangway ladders with a man upon one end of it, floated near him. Jacques took hold of the other end, and directly a wave turned the ladder over, end for end, and threw them both off—on coming up he took hold again, but his companion was lost. In about two hours another man appeared and got on, and they two kept hold all night, and the next day towards evening his companion said he could hold out no longer, and quit his hold and sunk. His name was William Wallace, an Irishman. He had become insane a little before, and said, "Jacques I see you have got a knife to kill me; but put it up, and I won't say any thing about it"—and soon after he fell off and disappeared. While two of them were upon the ladder, a hog came and rested his snout upon it and remained some time. Jacques continued on the ladder all that night and all the next day till late in the afternoon—having been in the water forty-eight hours—when a French snow from Cape Francois bound to Bordeaux, came near, and he called out "Help!" They answered in a lively manner—"oui, oui"—and hove to and sent a boat and took him on board. He was so exhausted that he could not stand; but was treated with kind attention, and in a few days was able to lend a hand, which he did with a good will. In about three weeks they arrived at Bordux. The Governor soon heard of his extraordinary story and sent for him, and on learning the particulars was much affected, and recommended his getting a brief to collect money, and offered to assist him; but Jacques declined this—reflecting that he was a freeborn American—was young and hearty, and able to get an independent living, and would not consent to beg in a foreign land. He wrote to Doctor Franklin, acquainting him with the fate of the *Reprisal*,

and soon received an answer with the needful supply, and in a short time got a passage home in a Baltimore schooner, which arrived at Edenton in North Carolina; from thence he travelled to Yorktown, in Pennsylvania, where Congress was then sitting, (the British troops having possession of Philadelphia.) He arrived late in the afternoon, after they had adjourned for the day; he however, went to the President, and said, "he had come to give an account of the unhappy end of the ship *Reprisal*." The President looked at him and asked: "are you that remarkable man?" (for Congress had received the account from Dr. Franklin.) He said *he was*, and related his narrative—and was told to come again in the morning. He did so, and the President told him to go to the Board of War; "and if they won't right you, come to me and we will."—He went to the Board of War, where he was well received—they reckoned up his wages (for two years and more) amounting to between two and three hundred dollars, continental money, and gave him an order on their paymaster, Joseph Read, then at Bordentown in New Jersey. He went there and received payment, and went to his family in Narraganset. After remaining there ten days he heard that the ship *Providence*, Commodore Whipple, of 30 guns and 270 men, was fitting out at Providence, bound to France. He went and entered on board of her on the 13th of April, 1778. They went out through the Narraganset passage, in which lay a 50 gun ship and a frigate, as guard ships. It was a dark night—the frigate got under way—both vessels fired at the *Providence*, and she at them. The frigate was so much damaged that she could not follow them, and they got off clear. They went to *Painbeuff* in France, and thence to Brest, and then sailed for Boston, where he was discharged and went to Narraganset, and remained with his family one year. He then enlisted in Colonel Green's Rhode Island regiment, of which Colonel Olney was Lieutenant Colonel, and marched to join the regiment lying at Crompond in York state. An officer and twenty-four men were drafted from it to join a select corps of Light Infantry forming under Colonel Scammon. Jacques was in this detachment—they embarked at Peekskill and passed down on the west side of the Hudson, and landed in the evening at Phillipse's house, five miles above King's-Bridge; marched that night to a position near the Bridge, and at day-break were attacked by the yagers and other Hessian troops—after a smart skirmish their enemies fled. The battalion remained drawn up on the edge of a marsh, on the further side of which, to the west, there were bushes, two hundred yards in their front. Jacques observed a smoke rise from a bush, and at that instant he received a ball in the breast, which went through his body, and was afterwards cut out under the shoulder blade. An officer seeing he was wounded directed him to retire. He placed his musket against a fence at their backs, and got over and walked up the road, and in a short time met General Washington with other officers. The General asked him if he was wounded—he said *he was*—he then told him to "walk on slowly and he would soon meet wagons coming for the wounded." He got into one, and was finally carried to the Hospital at Robinson's farm, in the highlands, and thence removed in the fall to New Windsor. He was wounded on the third of

July 1781, and was not fit for duty till Christmas following, when he rejoined the regiment in Philadelphia after the fall of Lord Cornwallis. They lay there that winter, and in the spring marched to Verplank's Point, where they continued that summer, and went into winter quarters at Saratoga. In June following (1783) those enlisted for the duration of the war were discharged—those for three years remained till Christmas and were then discharged. In February 1782, while lying at Saratoga, a detachment of the Rhode Island regiment, under Captain Holden, joined an expedition under Colonel Willet, of New York, against Fort Oswego. Jacques was among them; they assembled at Fort Herkimer, on the Mohawk, to the number of 500 men—marched through a wilderness and proceeded in sleighs the length of the Oneida Lake, 36 miles. At eight miles from the Fort they made scaling ladders, intending at day-break to storm the Fort; but their guide, an Oneida Indian, called Captain John, either by mistake or design, conducted them wrong. They wandered in the woods and were discovered. The Garrison was alarmed and on their guard, and being too numerous to be overcome, except by surprise, which was now frustrated, the party was obliged to retire.—They were pursued, and many of the sleigh-drivers having deserted with their sleighs, they were reduced to great straits and suffered extremely by the weather, many being frozen and some lost their feet, toes, &c. They however all reached the inhabited country.

At the close of the war Jacques rejoined his family and remained in Narragansett till about the year 1800, when he removed with them to Fenisbury in Vermont, where he is now living. He has a pension from the United States of eight dollars per month. His wife is industrious and prudent, and they have a daughter living with them, who is also industrious and contributes to their comfort. They live in a house which he built, on a farm belonging to one of his son's-in-law, a thriving farmer, and they appear to live comfortably. Jacques has become blind within two or three years, and is a good deal bent with age; but is in other respects healthy—is quick of apprehension, intelligent, and his memory good. It does not appear that his habits were ever intemperate. He was a hard worker; but rather a loose and careless manager of his affairs, and therefore never made much advance in acquiring property. He was tall and very athletic, and has undoubtedly been a first rate man in hardihood, both of body and mind. He carried with him to Vermont, two sons—now rather past middle age; but still stout laborers—and have been distinguished boxers.

The writer, in a residence in Fenisbury in the winter of 1827 and 28, made several visits to this remarkable man, and drew from him this narrative of his life and adventures. He was much interested and gratified in these interviews, by conversing with a man who had lived so long, and done and suffered so much in the service of his country; and although always in a humble station, from which he never appeared to aim at rising; yet it was obvious there was a latent sentiment of warm feeling for his country, always at hand, and ready to be roused into action on every occasion—and he was well qualified to render service in the humble stations of soldier and sailor—was faithful to those engagements, and seemed never to have been troubled with any doubts of their propriety.

SELECT TALES.

LE CAFE DE SURATE.

There was at Surat, a large city of Hindostan, a coffee house where many strangers frequently assembled. One day there came a Persian Seidre or doctor, who had written all his life on theology, but did not believe in the existence of God. "Who is God?" said he; "whence came he? who created him? whom

is he? If he was substance, we should see him; if he was a spirit, he would be intelligent and just; he would not permit any to be wretched in the world. I myself, after laboring so much for his service, should be pontiff at Ispahan, and I should not have been obliged to leave Persia, where I was endeavoring to instruct the people. Therefore am I convinced there is no God." Thus the doctor, misled by his ambition, by reasoning on the great first cause of all things, had lost his own reason, and believed that it was not his intelligence which no longer existed, but that which governed the universe. He had a Kaffer slave to attend him, who remained at the door of the coffee house, while his master drank his favorite beverage called coquenar. When this began to operate on his brain, he thus addressed the slave, who was sitting on a stone in the sun entirely occupied in brushing off the flies which almost devoured him. "Miserable black! dost thou believe there is a God?" "Who can doubt it!" answered the Kaffer. As he said these words he drew from the folds of his page (a piece of cotton cloth or wrapper worn by the negroes,) a little wooden marmosette, and holding it up said, "Behold the God which has protected me since I came into the world; it is made of a branch of the fetish tree of my country." All the people of the coffee house were not less surprised at the answer of the slave, than the question of the master. Whereupon a Bramin, shrugging his shoulders, said to the negro, "Poor silly fool! how dost thou carry God in thy girdle? Know that there is no other God but Bramah, who created the world, whose temples are on the borders of the Ganges; the Bramins are his only priests, and it is by his peculiar protection that they have existed for these hundred and twenty thousand years, notwithstanding all the revolutions in India." Immediately a Jew said, "Do the Bramins believe that God has no temples but in India, and that He exists only for their tribe? I say there is no other God but the God of Abraham, whose people are the children of Israel. He preserves them though dispersed through the whole earth; and they shall one day be gathered together at Jerusalem, when that temple shall again be raised up which was formerly the wonder of the universe." As he ended these words the Israelite shed tears, and was going to speak again, when an Italian, in a great passion, thus addressed him. "You make God unjust by saying that he loves only the children of Israel. He has rejected them for more than seventeen hundred years which is evident enough by their dispersion. He now invites all men to the Romish church, out of which there is no safety." A Protestant minister replied to the Catholic, and said, "How can you confine the safety of men to your idolatrous communion!—Know that there will be none saved but those who according to the gospel, love God in spirit and in truth." A Turkish officer of the Customs, who was smoking his pipe, and listening to the conversation of the two christians, in a very solemn manner, thus addressed them: "Fathers, how can you limit the knowledge of God to your churches alone? The law of Jesus Christ has been abolished since the revolution of Mahomet. Your religion exists only in a few kingdoms: and it is over its ruins that ours is raised up in the finest portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is now seated on the throne of the Mogul, and has spread into China, that country of light. You acknowledge the reprobation of the Jews by their humiliation; then acknowledge the mission of our Prophet by his victories! There will be none saved but the friends of Mahomet and Omar! As for those who follow Ali, they are infidels!" At these words, the Seidre or doctor, from Persia, where the people follow the sect of Ali, began to smile, and a quarrel was about taking place on account of there being so many strangers who were of different religions and sects, all disputing upon the nature of God and his worship, and each maintaining that the only true worship was that which he profes-

sed. In a corner of the coffee house, there sat sipping his tea, a disciple of Confucius, who was travelling for his own instruction: as he had taken no part in the conversation, he remained unnoticed, but had listened attentively to every word that had been said. The Turkish officer observing him, called out in a loud voice to the following effect; "Good Chinese, you know that a great many religions have spread into China, and I have been informed so myself by some merchants from your country, who all protested to me that the religion of Mahomet was the best. Pray what is your opinion of God and the religion of his Prophet?" At this question the most profound silence reigned in the coffee house, and every one anxiously awaited the answer of the Chinese. The disciple of Confucius having crossed his hands upon his breast, appeared for a few moments entirely absorbed in reflection; suddenly recollecting himself, he spoke thus: "Gentlemen, it is ambition which in all things causes men to disagree. If you will have the patience to here me, I will relate a circumstance, still fresh in my mind to elucidate it. When I left China to come to Surate, I embarked in an English ship which had circumnavigated the globe. On our passage here we came to anchor on the eastern coast of Sumatra. About noon I went ashore with several of the crew, and the sun being very hot, we sought the shade of some cocoa trees, where already reposed a number of men from different countries. In a short time there came along a man who had lost his sight by looking steadfastly at the sun. He had been foolish enough to endeavor to comprehend its nature by appropriating the light of it to himself.—He had tried every optical and chemical means that could be, and even necromancy, to enclose one of its rays in a bottle; but not being able to succeed, he said, "The light of the sun is not a fluid, for it cannot be agitated by the wind; it is not a solid, for it cannot be separated in pieces; it is not a fire, for it is not extinguished in water; it is not a spirit, for it is visible; it is not a body, since it cannot be handled; so it is nothing at all." In short, by means of looking at the sun and reasoning upon its light, he became blind, and what was still worse, had lost his reason. He believed that it was not his own sight, but the sun, which no longer existed in the universe. He had a negro to conduct him, who, causing his master to be seated in the shade near us, and the stranger I have mentioned, took a cocoa which had fallen from the tree, and began to make a lamp of the shell, a wick of the bark, and to express some oil from the nut to put in his lamp. Whilst he was thus occupied, the blind man said to him, fetching a deep sigh, "Then there is no longer any light in the universe?" "There is the light of the sun," answered the negro. "What is the sun?" replied the blind man. "I know nothing of it," said the black, "except that when he rises, my labors begin, and end at this setting. His light interests me less than the light of my lamp, for without it I could not serve you during the night;" then holding up his cocoa, he said, "Here is my sun!" At these words, a man who walked with crutches began to laugh; and thinking the man who had lost his sight was born blind, thus addressed him: "Learn that the sun is a globe of fire, which rises every morning from the sea, and sets far to the west in the mountains of Sumatra, which you might perceive yourself, if you enjoyed your sight." A fisherman who was present, said to the cripple, "One may easily perceive that you never was far from your village. If you had legs and could walk round the island of Sumatra, you would be convinced that the sun does not set in its mountains; but rises every morning from the sea, and returns into it at night, without being extinguished, which I witness daily along the coast." An inhabitant of the peninsula of India said to the fisherman, "How can a man who has common sense believe that the sun is a globe of fire, and that he every day comes out of the sea and returns into it without being extinguished? Know

that the sun is a Deata or Deity of my country, who rides through the heavens daily, on a car, turning round the golden mountain of Merouwa, and when he is eclipsed, he is swallowed up by the serpents Ragoo and Keldo, and is delivered from them only by the prayers of the Indians, on the borders of the Ganges. It is very foolish for an inhabitant of Sumatra to believe that the sun gives light to his Island alone." A Lascar, who was Capt. of a trading vessel, replied, "It is still more foolish to believe that the sun prefers India to all the other countries of the world. I have been to the red sea, on the coast of Arabia; to Madagascar, the Moluccas, and Phillipine islands, and I perceived that the sun enlightened all those places as well as India. He does not turn round one mountain; but he rises in the isles of Japan, which for that reason are called Jepon or Gipnen, birth place of the sun, and he sets far to the west behind the mountains of England; I am very certain of it; for when I was a child I heard my grandfather say so, who had travelled to the ends of the sea." He was going to say more, when an English sailor of our crew interrupted him by saying, "There is no country in the world where the sun's course is better known than in England. I say he does not rise and set anywhere; he continually makes the circuit of the globe, of which I am still more certain, as we have just come from a voyage round the world, and we every where met him;" then taking an Indian reed from the hands of one of the auditors, he traced a circle on the ground and endeavored to explain to him the sun's course from one tropic to another; but not being able to succeed, he appealed to the pilot of the vessel to confirm what he had asserted. The pilot was a wise man, and had attentively listened to the whole dispute, without saying a word. But when he perceived that all the auditors were silent, to hear his answer, he spoke thus; "Each of you is deceived. The sun does not revolve around the earth, but it is the earth revolves around the sun, presenting to him in 24 hours the isles of Japan, the Phillipines, the Moluccas, Sumatra, Africa, Europe, and many other countries.—He does not enlighten one mountain, one island, one horizon, one sea, or even our earth only. He is the centre of the universe, and enlightens with the earth several other planets, which revolve also around him. Each of you would be convinced of these truths if he would look at the heavens in the night, when all these orbs revolve in the immensity of space, and banish from his mind the foolish idea that the sun shines only upon his particular country." Here the pilot ended, who had been round the world, and observed the heavens. "It is the same," added the disciple of Confucius, "with respect to God as with the sun. Each man believes that he alone possesses him in his own church, or at least in his own country. Each nation believes that it contains in its temples what the visible universe does not contain. But I will ask you, is there a temple to be compared to that which God himself has raised up to gather all men into the same communion? All the temples of the world are made only to imitate nature! We find in the most of them, columns, arches, lamps, statues, inscriptions, books of the law, sacrifices, altars, and priests. But in what temple shall we find columns so beautiful as the trees of the forest, or those of the orchards bending with their fruit? Arches so elevated as the azure vault of heaven? A lamp so splendid as the sun? Where shall we see statues so interesting as sensible beings, who speak, love, and assist each other? Inscriptions so intelligible as the benefits of nature? A book of law so universal as the love of God founded on gratitude, and the love of our fellow creatures over our own interests? In short, an altar so holy as the heart of the honest man, whose God is the sovereign pontiff? Thus, the more indulgence we have for others the nearer shall we imitate his goodness. Let him then who enjoys the light of God which is diffused throughout the universe, despise

not the superstitious who perceives but a small ray in his idol; lest as a punishment to his pride, it should happen to him as to the Persian who, wishing to appropriate the light of the sun to himself, became blind, and was obliged to have the assistance of the lamp of a negro!" Thus ended the disciple of Confucius. And all the people of the coffee house, who were disputing upon the excellency of their religions, preserved the most profound silence.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

No. 6.

In my last I promised you *Rambles*, and rambles I fancy they will be considered, as I find myself sticking to no one subject, but flying from one to another with the same facility as the gaudy butterfly, whose wings formed the daily attraction of my boyish days. I find I have not kept to my text on the subject of spiders; and with the leave of your readers, we will wander back to that highly interesting insect.

During a warm day of last summer, I was sitting at a window admiring the mechanical operations of a spider in constructing its web or net, and thinking of the admirable lines of Thomson in his Seasons, in which he describes the instinctive cunning employed by these insects to entrap their prey, beginning with,

"To heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around,
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes; as oft the rufian shows his front.
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd; the fluttering
wing,
And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping, hospitable hand."

The spider had just finished his net, and was sitting in the centre of it, patiently expecting some unfortunate fly, when a wasp came dashing through the air, and darting on the spider, in an instant took it in his jaws from off the net, and alighted with it on the window sill; the wasp immediately commenced the operation of biting off every leg of the spider, in order to prevent its being entangled in any portion of web the latter might have endeavored to throw around it.—The process of dismembering it having been completed, the wasp took up the spider in its jaws, and flew away with it to a place of security, probably to its nest, in order to devour it.

Thus the spider sometimes falls a prey to its enemies, while it is watching for its own food and luxuries. About the same time, I observed early in the forenoon, a large, long legged *tipula* entangled in the web of a spider; and before he could liberate himself, the spider darted out of its retreat and fastened on it. The conqueror being of a small size, I was anxious to see what method it would take with so large and powerful an insect.—The spider began to perform its office of a very dexterous spinner; and as he spun, he fastened around the various parts of the insect, in a quick and surprising manner, so that in a very short time there was not a leg, a wing, a horn, or indeed any part, but was so completely bound as to prevent the possibility of its moving in any direction; it then retired, apparently to recover from its fatigue, and to wait until its appetite was ready for a sumptuous repast. I examined the spider's web again in the afternoon, and found the prisoner still untouched; the skill and ingenuity of the spider were remarkably displayed, in so adapting the various threads to the moving part of the insect, that there was no

possibility of any effort towards releasing itself being made. I removed it in a careful manner, in that state, from the spider's web, and examined it under a microscope. It was a curious and beautiful sight to observe how completely the long legs of the fly were secured by the successive and almost countless threads spun by the spider. I was anxious to preserve the two together, and having caught the victor, I killed him in the most expeditious manner by putting him suddenly into boiling water, and now have the pair in my cabinet. The fangs of the spider are exceedingly sharp, long and powerful.

As variety is the main stay of a newspaper, I must be permitted to finish this, and a succeeding number, with an account of the fly known by naturalists under the title of the *Ichneumon*, a name acquired from its usefulness in destroying caterpillars, plant lice, &c., &c. in the same manner as the *Ichneumon* of Egypt destroys the crocodile. This curious family of insects appears to have been created for the purpose of keeping within due limits various other species of insects, whose superabundance would be very injurious to the comforts of man. The genus comprises a numerous list of insects, whose names appear singular, even amidst the wonders which this class of beings is continually displaying. It contains upwards of five hundred different species, all of which are characterised by their feelers or antennae, with more than thirty joints or articulations, and also by their mouths being armed with jaws, but without tongues; their feelers are four in number; and their abdomens are joined to their bodies by a slender part, which ends in a projecting sting or oviduct, enclosed in a sheath composed of two parts.

It is from the signal service these insects perform, by depositing their eggs within the nests and bodies of other insects, and thus destroying them, that they are so useful in clearing our gardens of vermin, several species making great havoc among the caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly; their process is this. While the caterpillar is feeding, the *Ichneumon* fly hovers over it, and, with its piercer, perforates the fatty part of the caterpillar's back in many places, and in each deposits an egg, by means of the two parts of the sheath uniting together, and thus forming a tube, down which the egg is conveyed into the perforation made by the piercer of the fly. The caterpillar, unconscious of what will ensue, keeps feeding on, until it changes into a chrysalis; while in that torpid state, the eggs of the *Ichneumon* are hatched, and the interior of the body of the caterpillar serves as food for the caterpillars of the *Ichneumon* fly.—When they have fed their accustomed time, and are about to change into the pupa state, they, by an instinct given them, attack the vital part of the caterpillar. It is a most wonderful economy in nature, that this process should be delayed until they have no more occasion for food! They then spin themselves minute cases within the body of the caterpillar! and instead of a butterfly coming forth (which, if a female, would have probably laid six hundred eggs, thus producing as many caterpillars, whose food would be the cabbage) a race of these little *ichneumon* flies issues forth, ready to perform the task assigned them, of keeping within due limits those fell destroyers of our vegetables.

In my next I shall continue some interesting particulars of these parasites. KIRBY.

All etiquette and court dresses were banished from the family of the Duke of Orleans on his accession to the throne. The Duchess of Orleans, now Queen of France, appears in a plain bonnet and ribbons—the Duke himself walked about in plain clothes, arm in arm with one of the deputies—talking as free and familiar as a President of the United States. This is, probably, one of the most singular changes which the Revolution has brought about. The next monthly fashions from Paris will be all changed. Simplicity will be the go—so our American ladies may prepare to reform their ornaments and draw in their sleeves.

POETRY.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LOVE'S WANDERINGS.

Love knock'd one night at the merchant's door,
As he sat with his ledger spread before him,
And told the tale he told of yore—
How the wintry wind did wildly roar,
And the pitiless rain was streaming o'er him;

And he begged for rest, and a quiet home,
Where the wind and rain could never come.

The merchant gazed on the beauteous boy
Half smiling at his piteous pleading—

And he said "Thou'st suit not my employ,

Thy wild sports would my peace annoy—

An older clerk than thou I'm needing—

Thou wouldst blot my books, and confuse my brain,

Seek other shelter from the rain."

So the urchin strayed to the lawyer's dome,

Where he tol'd midat briefs and parchments scattered,

And again he begged for a quiet home—

And, weeping, said it was hard to roam,

By the wind and rain so sorely battered—

And he said "An able clerk I'll be,

The art of pleading I'll teach to thee!"

The lawyer mounted his glasses green,

Through which he eyed the pleading child,

And he said, "Thine eye is wond'rous keen—

Thou'st suit not me—I distrust thy mein,

In spite of thy tears and accents mild.

Thou cans't plead, no doubt, but as for law—

For that, love never cared a straw!"

'Tis strange, thought Love, as he flew away,

That Law and Traffic will both deny

The simple boon for which I pray—

But I'll be revenged on some future day—

The lawyer shall plead, and the merchant sigh,

I've sued to them, and soon we'll see

What a figure they'll make when they sue to me!

So off he flew to an attic near by,

Whence the pale lamp shed a feeble gleam,

There, tired with his musings, grave and high,

The student sat with half-shut eye,

Absorbed in fancy's witching dream.

'Twas just the time for Love to come,

And dwell in the lonely student's home.

So the boy prepared his wonted theme,

With all his untive pathos drest—

And the student knew by the lamp's pale gleam,

The seraph that haunted his midnight dream—

And he clasped the pleader to his breast.

So the bond was formed, and from that hour,

Love dwells in the lonely student's bower.

MINNA.

The following is from a volume recently published in London, containing a translation of the first of Schiller's Wallenstein, and several minor poems from different authors. We believe that the translator is Lord Levenson Gower; to whom we have been indebted for an English version of Goethe's Faust, and several of the shorter productions of Schiller.

THE WHITE LADY.

Our troops went forth on Sarfeldt's morn,
Beneath their monarch's eye,
And merrily peal'd the yonder horn,
As the guard was marching by.

And first and last the howitzers past,
And the battery's iron train,
And all to throw the desperate cast
Upon Jena's fated plain.

The march they play'd was sweet to bear,
The sight was fair to see;
It smooth'd our Frederic's brow austere,
And Blucher smiled with glee.

That sight was fair to all but those
Who own'd prophetic fears:
And sweet that martial strain arose
To all but gifted ears.

And was there none in dream or trance
Could follow the column's way,
And with the vulture's prescient glance
The death-doomed troops survey?

Yes, close at hand she had taken her stand,
I saw and mark'd her well;
Twas she who wanders through the land,
Whose name I fear to tell.

They saw not her form, nor her visage of grief—
It was not that their sight was dim;
But fix'd on her troops were the eyes of their chief,
And their glances were fix'd on him.

But I knew her at once by the long lank hair,
And the garments as white as snow;
And she lingered there in her still despair,
And scowl'd on the troops below.

I knew her at once for a lady who wends,
Impell'd by the curse divine,
And who wanders abroad and wo impends
Upon Prussia's regal line.

I have kept the night-watch, where she is chiefly said
To roam by the ruinous stair;

I should not have trembled, I should not have fled,
For I could have faced her there.

For I fear'd not the sight of the lady in white,
By the moonlight's spectral ray;

In the hall of our kings, at the hour of night;

But I shrank from the vision by day.

Yet I thought what the fortunes of Prussia decreed,
By questioning her to know;

So right to that lady I spurr'd my steed,

Till no nearer he would go.

For he rear'd at the sight of the lady in white,
And stopp'd in his full career.

She spoke, and her words, when I heard them aight,
They curld my blood for fear.

"Now trouble me not—I lis to the shot—
On Sarfeld I see the dead;

Disturb me no more—I weep for your lot!"

Was all that the lady said.

She stried away, and I could not tell where,
For a shuddering seized my frame;

And whither she vanish'd I cannot declare,

As little know whence she came.

But at Sarfeld's fight since the morning light,
The Frenchmen had fired well,

And the lady had spoken the moment aight

When Louis of Prussia fell.

THE TESTIMONY OF NATURE.

"When I consider the Heavens, the work of thy hands,
the moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained; what
is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man,
that thou visitest him?"

Come ye! upon whose shrouded mind,
Dark unbelief hath cast its pall;

Ye, that are blindest of the blind,

And grope where mystic shadows fall;

Upon whose dull, benighted way,

There is no flood of sunlight shed,

Save boasted reason's fitful ray,

A restless dream, by passion fed.

Ye, who seek evidence of God,

And scorn the lessons of his word;

Look o'er the paths ye all have trod,

Recall the themes ye all have heard;

The murmured warnings that have press'd,

Like low breath'd voices, to the ear,

The awful whisperings of the breast,

That deeply echoed—"God is here!"

Come, and while spring's alluring song

Is borne from every freshening spray;

When every gale that steals along,

Bears the young bird's beguiling lay;

When, like the mystery of a dream,

Bends o'er ye the eternal sky,

O'erlooking wood, and field, and stream,

Hear the heart whisper, "God is nigh!"

Come when the proud, descending sun,

Wrap the cloud's draperies round his brow;

When the wide earth he looks upon,

Seems radiant in his boundless glow;

When buds are closing, and the haze

Comes o'er the far blue mountain's head;

While sunset's free and kindling blaze

Lies painted on day's ocean bed!

In autumn's hour—in winter's scene,

When pale pale hills in glory rise;

When forests, stripp'd of summer's sheen,

Stand naked 'neath the bitter skies;

In the deep terror of the storm,

The tempest's mighty thunders,

As death's dark angel rears his form,

And veils the wide earth with his wings!

Read ye of these!—and unbelief

Will, like a shadow, disappear;

Like a sad night-bird's lay of grief;

From the unpolar'd atmosphere;

A light, like summer's radiant morn,

Will on the enraptured soul break in,

And glorious visions will be born,

Unstained by earthiness or sin!

Oh! who can cast his glance abroad,

Up to the chambers of the sky,

Or feel the presence of his God,

The awful searchings of his eye!

Even the sad changes of our way,

Are leaves of a great volume given—

They bear the records of decay,

And bid us seek repose in Heaven!

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"OLD IRON-SIDES."

Ay! pull her tattered ensign down,

Long has it waved on high,

And many a heart has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar—

The meteor of the ocean air

Shall sweep the clouds no more.

SELECT TALES.

THE SAGACIOUS PAPA.

A HINT TO THOSE IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

'I think it is very cruel of Papa,' said Olive May, a pretty little, pouting, petted, rose-bud-beauty, 'I had rather he would refuse me any thing else, than try to cross me in my affections. I could never love any body else, but James Ingraham; yet he will try to persuade me that Robert King is much the best match. I wish I might never lay my eyes upon that coxcomb again.'

These peevish words were spoken to a fashionable aunt, no longer Isabel, but Wasabelle, who had abundantly proved the vanity of the world: 'yet loved the dear delusion still.' A smile, half malicious, and half playful, curled her thin lips as she answered composedly, 'you should never suffer yourself to speak in such a vixenish tone, Olive, you will spoil the sweetness of your voice; and that would be a great misfortune to a belle.'—Then patting her cheek with her fan she said, 'I will go and talk with this cruel father. He shan't abuse it, darling: so he shan't. It shall love who it pleases, and marry who it pleases; so it shall.' And Olive, hoping great things from her aunt Isabel's intercession, smiling, spoke sweetly, and was like herself again.

Before we acquaint our readers with the result of this intercession, we will give them a brief sketch of Olive's lovers. She had three declared ones, and a hundred, or so, that looked at her and sighed for her fortune.—The first in date was James Ingraham; with whom she had become acquainted during her father's absence in Europe. He was a worthy young man, short and fat, with a sort of rosy, vulgar beauty about his square face; and the most important of all his qualifications was, that he was the first lover Olive had. He had good abilities, and was a promising scholar; but he wore dirty white silk gloves, longer than his hand; and he would lean back in his chair, and somehow or other his elbows were always making mathematical demonstrations; and his shoulders alone portrayed the curving line of beauty.

The next was a Polish count, who showed a dozen stars and garters, and told how much he had suffered in the cause of liberty, and swore forty times a week, that Olive was fairer than the moon, and his love as eternal as the sun.

Last of all was Robert King, tall, graceful, well proportioned, and just returned from Paris. In all external graces he was a model; and the ladies only wondered at one thing, viz.: that he should have spent two years in Paris, and yet wear his hair just as he did when he went away. But Robert King had studied the subject of his own physiognomy even more deeply than they had; elaborate thought and patient experiment, had led him to the conclusion that he had taken the best style for displaying his magnificent white forehead to advantage. Moreover, his residence in Europe had filled him with high hopes, and lofty aspirations; when he left his native country, he was merely ambitious to follow every turn of fashion; but now, convinced he could outdo the volatile goddess, his great ambition therefore was that the fashion should follow him.

The ladies were all in a twitter about him: he danced so gracefully, and he flattered so delicately; and he drove such beautiful horses: and he often made them think how difficult it was to please a man who had waltzed and sung with European beauties. To overcome his provoking indifference was a glorious achievement, which every one was anxious to perform. The victory was gained by Olive May, with her pretty face and still prettier fortune, without an effort on her part: and probably for the very reason that he saw she made no effort.

Robert King had the father's wishes and exertions on his side; for he was the son of a

wealthy Broker, and the leading star of fashion.—It was not at all wonderful that the fop should be preferred to the clown, and discount triumph over the court.

But Olive was not quite so wise as her father, for it is a lamentable fact that Providence seldom places old heads on lily-white shoulders. She had read in novels that the first love never changed, and she was determined 'to love James Ingraham forever, and forever; and should her cruel father disinherit her, she would love him still the more, that she would.'

Such was the state of affairs, when aunt Isabel volunteered her services. It seemed that she was eminently successful; for the next day, Mr. May told his daughter that he was very sorry to see her so unhappy; that since the subject was disagreeable to her, he would never again mention the name of Robert King; that he had a great regard for Mr. Ingraham, and certainly would not thwart her wishes by any opposition. One thing, however, he should expect her to yield to him; she was quite too young to be married at present; and it was absolutely necessary she should travel a little to finish her education, and give her the air and manner of the world.

Olive was delighted at the thought of New York and Saratoga; and she was sure she was very much delighted with permission to retain her old lover; but perhaps she felt a little disappointed after all, to find the course of true love run so smooth; martyrdom is certainly a very exciting sort of thing, and mortals in all ages have been eager for it. Olive kissed aunt Isabel a hundred times over, and said she would write to James every day of her life; and asked what colorsshe thought most becoming; and had James's hair put in a golden locket; and sent all over the city for the last La Belle Assemblee, with its tasteful print of fashions; and ordered a dozen new set of jewels, and tried twice a new style of dressing her hair: and always ended all her operations by wondering whether James would pine away during her absence. What an odd jumble of gauze and love, trinkets and expectation is the mind of a belle!

The important day came; and the lovers parted with many vows. At New York, at the Springs, at Quebec, every where, all the world stood furbelowed and on tiptoe, to meet the beauty and the heiress! Her little head began to spin round; and no wonder her heart began to spin round with it—it is true they seldom unite their operations, in the world of fashion; but then they are both unimportant articles; it is all the better to have extremely little of the one, and none at all of the other.

At first, Olive adhered to her resolution of writing every day. But by-and-by she felt the necessity of letting the mail go without any token of her love. She danced so late; and she was so sleepy in the morning; and crowds of beaux came the moment she was dressed: and she found it was impossible to get along without a dozen new dresses; and positively the mantuamakers took so much of her time that she could not write to James; she was sure he wouldn't blame her, if he knew how she was situated. Her father reproved her for this neglect, and urged her not to let another day pass without sending a letter: and aunt Isabel reminded her, how often she had said, 'James would be as lonesome as death when she was gone.' I wish they would let me alone, thought the wayward beauty, I wonder they need to tease me so. I am sure I love James just as well as I ever did. I wonder whether he wears silk gloves, now? I mean to tell him it is not genteel. I wish he could dance as well as Robert King; Robert King is certainly a very elegant young man: and all the ladies are bewitched about him.

Our readers will naturally suppose that Olive was not gratified in her angry wish of never seeing that coxcomb again. Every where she went he was her shadow. If she raised her eyes, she met his, resting upon her

in silent worship; he sighed when she danced with another; and stood at her side when she was fatigued. All her companions envied her; and not one would allow she was beautiful. 'He thinks I am,' thought Olive, as she glanced at her full length figure in the mirror; and as she sat with one tiny shoe in her hand, and the other half untied, she said audibly, 'he is not so much of a coxcomb after all.' 'Who?' inquired aunt Isabel, with great gravity of manner. 'Robert King, aunt, you know I used to detest him; but I really think he is quite agreeable. Don't you think he has altered very much lately?' 'I think he has,' answered aunt Isabel; and unperceived by Olive, a mischievous light sparkled and mantled all over her face, as she held out a letter, saying, 'here is news from James.'

Olive blushed deeply, and as she read the letter the blush grew warmer and warmer. 'Oh dear,' she exclaimed, 'he does nothing but preach—preach. His letters are full of complaints and advice. I am sure he knows my constancy well enough—and he might know it is utterly impossible for me to write every day.' Now, the fact was, she had not written for four weeks—and three weeks more passed, and still she could not find time to write. Her father blamed her—and her aunt scolded her. It was very vexatious—but indeed it was impossible for her to write.

At last James came in person, to ascertain the state of affairs. She met him with blushes and welcomes; and she glanced her eye on Robert King, and then on him, and she wondered James would make a bow sideways, it is so very awkward.

She danced with him and she thought she saw the young ladies laugh. She asked him to go to dancing school, and buy kid gloves. She wondered what made her father give up his opposition so easily; she wondered when Robert King was going to offer himself again; and she wondered when James was going away.

Is there need to tell the catastrophe?—James left the Springs in high displeasure; and papa and aunt Isabel exchanged very knowing looks.

I leave good arithmeticians to balance the loss and gain—James lost the heart of a belle, and Olive gained the heart of a coxcomb.

YOUNG BECKNER.

The subject of this sketch was born in the town of Londonderry, in Ireland. Nature had denied him the advantages of birth and fortune, but she had implanted in his bosom qualities of no ordinary merit.—He was the son of a poor illiterate sailor, and accordingly received no other instruction than such as related to a seafaring life, the career which his father, naturally enough, intended him to follow.—Though destitute of education, little Beckner well deserves a place in the biography of youth, both on account of the singular quickness of his parts, and the heroic use which he made of the noble virtues of his heart. He was, besides, endowed with much activity and strength of body, together with a sagacity and promptness of comprehension which would have produced very satisfactory results, had he been placed in a different rank of society. He possessed great elevation of soul, and from his earliest infancy shewed such a determined courage and resolution as would doubtless have led him to very glorious deeds, had Providence allowed him to run a long career in life. Beckner's father, a hardy seaman, and inured to the chances and accidents belonging to his laborious and dangerous profession, had resolved to accustom his child, from the cradle, to suffering and fatigue, that he might be enabled to make a good sailor.

The experience not only of danger, but of an unpleasant sensation, which causes pain and terror in little children, was undergone by Beckner with all the indifference of a full grown man. His father used to cast him into the waves almost before he could speak—then supporting him with one arm, he began to

teach him how to move his little legs and arms. By this early application the pupil became such a proficient in the art, that in the fourth year of his age he was able to follow, by swimming, the vessel in which his parent was engaged, to an astonishing distance. His father kept an active eye upon him, and when he perceived that the child began to be overcome with fatigue, would plunge into the sea after him, and bring him back to the vessel. At other times, when the little fellow did not appear much exhausted, a rope was thrown to him, by the aid of which he very briskly climbed up the side of the ship. In a short time Beckner became useful aboard; he was so hardy, active, and free from all sense of fear, that in the midst of the most tempestuous weather he did his duty about the vessel with perfect unconcern.

Beckner, who felt conscious of his own intrepidity and constancy, and of having a frame prepared for toil and fatigue, anxiously longed for the moment when the glittering hopes that played before his fancy should be realised. The naval glories of England were the theme of his speculation; and, as he was aptly fitted by nature and education for the rough trials of the sea, he indulged the hope of obtaining distinction in the navy. Being asked one day what was glory, he answered, "Glory is to serve our country with zeal, and fulfil with strictness the duties of our station." Young Beckner was so assiduous, and so full of goodwill, as well as quickness of disposition, that at the early age of twelve he had obtained a promotion in the vessel in which he served, and was adjudged double pay. The captain of the ship used to point him out as a model to other young seamen; and, on a certain occasion, he did not scruple to say, "If this boy continues to display the same courage and good conduct, I have no doubt, that in the sequel he will obtain a post superior to my own." Young Beckner was continually exhibiting traits of daring; he never recoiled from the prospect of danger; and his adventurous soul appeared to enjoy a certain delight when engaged in the performance of some duty of which the probable peril would intimidate other youths. But amidst the various instances of courage and noble resolution illustrated in his short career, none deserves our admiration more justly than the action which put an end to his existence. Beckner and his father were making a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France. Among the passengers on board, there was a rich American, with his infant daughter. This child, taking advantage of a moment when her nurse, rather indisposed, had insensibly fallen asleep, separated herself from the servant, with that strange propensity to roving discovered in children, and ran to the head of the vessel. There she began to look with mingled curiosity and wonder on the vast expanse of the ocean; and whilst her attention was thus occupied, something made her suddenly start, when, turning her head, she lost her balance and fell into the sea.—Fortunately enough, the elder Beckner saw the child fall, and, with the quickness of lightning, he plunged himself into the waves in order to effect its rescue. His noble endeavors were successful. In a few seconds he had seized the little girl, and whilst with one arm he held her close to his breast, he strove, by swimming with the other, to regain the vessel. His proficiency in swimming would have enabled him to reach the vessel, and save both the child's life and his own, when, to his consternation, he perceived a large shark advancing rapidly towards him. The formidable fish came lashing the waves on which it was borne, anxious for its prey. Beckner saw the horrible danger by which he was threatened, and cried aloud for help. In a moment all the passengers and crew thronged to the deck of the ship; but, though every one saw the peril, and lamented the lot of the courageous sailor, no one dared venture to his assistance: the appearance of the monster terrified them. Those of the vessel, unable to afford a more efficient aid, began a brisk fire against the

shark, which, regardless of the noise, kept still advancing, and was near gaining its object. In this moment of horror and dismay, whilst vigorous and brave men were struck with amazement, and unable to act, a generous impulse of heroism and filial tenderness prompted a boy to perform what no one else had the courage to dare. Young Beckner, seeing the extremity of the danger to which his father was exposed, now seized upon well sharpened sword, and with this weapon plunged into the sea. By his dexterity in swimming, he soon succeeded in the plan he had formed.—He dived under the water, and getting behind the shark, he swam until he was below its stomach, and then, with equal skill, steadiness and resolution, thrust his weapon into the animal, to the very hilt. Startled by this unsuspected attack, and writhing under the pain which the wound produced, the shark, excited to rage, now abandoned its intended prey, in order to vent its fury upon the young assailant. A fearful spectacle presented itself to the view. Every one on the vessel stood in a throb of anxious horror and expectation.—The generous young Beckner, nothing daunted by the formidable appearance and superiority of the enemy with which he had engaged, in order to save his father, continued for some time the unequal contest. Whilst the animal was twisting and turning to seize upon his prey, the boy plunged again and again his sword into its body. But the strength of Beckner was not sufficient to produce a mortal hurt; and, though the numerous wounds which he inflicted, did severe injury to the horrible foe, the little hero at length found the necessity of striving to regain the vessel, and abandon the combat. The crew had meantime thrown out ropes to the father and his spirited and self-devoted son, in order that they might be rescued through their means. For some time, the motion of the waves, and the necessity of flying from the more imminent danger presented by the incensed shark, hindered the two objects of distress from availing themselves of the help held out to them; but at last they both succeeded in each grasping one of the numerous ropes that were thrown out. Every one on board now lent his assistance to draw them out by strength of arms. These efforts, to the lively joy of the spectators, were not void of success. Both father and son were now above the waves and suspended by the ropes—their rescue appeared certain. The enraged and bleeding animal perceived that his prey was on the point of escaping. With the sagacity of instinct, and stimulated by the natural impulse of vengeance, the monster now collected every energy, and making one mighty bound, succeeded in catching between its teeth the unfortunate boy, who was still suspended on the rope which he held; the effort of the huge animal was so successful, that it divided its victim in two parts, of which the creature devoured one, whilst the other was left a horrid token of the heroism and dread of the young Beckner! The spectators witnessed an appalling scene, uttered a cry of horror, and stood fixed in sorrow and amazement. They then applied themselves to help the elder Beckner, who safely gained the vessel with his little charge, the unfortunate cause of the calamity. Such was the end, at once generous and frightful, of young Volney Beckner. He was little more than twelve years of age when he encountered this terrible adventure, which put an end to his existence, and smothered the rising hopes that his qualities had inspired in the breasts of all who knew him. His noble spirit, his courage and magnanimity, would certainly have enabled him to play a conspicuous part in the career which he had embraced; but Providence had decreed otherwise. His course in life was destined to be short; nevertheless it was sufficient to afford a most striking illustration of intrepidity and filial love, and to offer to the admiration of youthful posterity a noble example. When we consider the generous act of self-devotion for which he lost his life, the most lively feelings of sorrow

and regret occupy the sympathising heart: but still, when the imagination is roused, and the best feelings of our nature are touched by the heroism of such deeds, we must admit that the misfortunes with which they may be attended are not left entirely without consolation.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16.

Education with Labor.—The subject of education is now such a popular one, and so much said and written about it, that it is matter of astonishment to see so little yet effected by its advocates. The plan of Manual Labor Academies has always appeared to us as fraught with immense advantages both to the indigent and the wealthy. An institution of this description exists at Germantown, and independently of its sectarian character, deserves to succeed. Establishments on this plan must eventually become popular. Every child in these states, where the wheel of fortune revolves with accelerated motion, should receive some kind of education in addition to mere learning, by which a livelihood could be obtained in cases of vicissitude. On the Island of Nantucket this is generally practised, or was some years since. The young men who come from there are many of them coopers, and numerous instances have occurred where the trade has become their sole mode of subsistence.

These observations have been called forth by a report of the "Manual Labor Academy at Germantown," near this city. The premises contain forty two and a half acres of ground, several outhouses, and a commodious dwelling on the main street, with other conveniences, workshops, gardens, &c. &c. The scholars board with the principal, on simple but wholesome diet, and as much as possible, the product of the pupil's labor on the farm. Honest industry, learning and piety are here united. The hours of recreation, says the report, are not hours of waste, idleness and immorality. They are employed in useful bodily labor, such as will exercise their skill, make them dexterous, establish their health and strength, enable each one to defray his own expenses, and fit him for the vicissitudes of life. Thus far they have been employed in carpenter work, gardening and farming. Four of the students are good workmen in wood, profitable in their own labor, as well as instructors of those who are less experienced. Six or seven thus employed have already made the various repairs of the building, and nearly all the useful furniture. Those engaged in gardening have supplied the house; others will furnish from the farm thirty bushels of wheat, seventy bushels of rye, ten tons of hay, one hundred and fifty bushels of corn, and three hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes."

Surely here is a plan which unites to obviate every difficulty in the way of learning, while it effectually promotes health, prevents the student from becoming a mere bookworm, and qualifies him for future usefulness in two distinct modes—the body and the mind. They are not afraid of the east wind; their limbs rejoice in muscular efforts; sleep comes uncoupled, and they rise from its indulgence prepared for further efforts. Students generally use so little exercise that their muscles dwindle, their digestion is disordered, and their heads liable to periodical pains. This health-preserving labor, as is justly observed in the report, is also profitable, and its results are placed to the credit of each manual labor student. Several pupils were found at the period of the last report to have very small balances against them for their boarding and tuition, and some of them almost none, not

withstanding that the charges are higher, owing to the location of the school, than in the interior of any of the several states.

The report goes on to state that there are several prosperous institutions on the same plan in the Union. One at Whitesborough, N. Y. containing from thirty to forty pupils; another at Andover, Mass. which already accommodates near sixty boys. At Princeton, Kentucky, and at Maysville, Tennessee, are also located similar schools. Cincinnati is soon to boast a like institution on an extensive scale; the west may yet become the seat of the greatest number of well educated men—she may yet show us practical the true way to make education cheap and universal. We cannot but hope that a few single examples of success, let them occur in what quarter they may, will serve as beacons to light enquiring minds to the best and most efficient, the cheapest and most healthful mode of getting instruction. We shall take occasion to point out more at large some further details of the school at Germantown, trusting thus to render a service to the community, while we gratify our own feelings in making public so useful an undertaking, full of advantage, and destined at no distant day to supersede old methods, and to conquer many existing prejudices.

The King of France and his Brother.—In another column will be found an interesting account of the present King of France being in Philadelphia. An engraver now living informs us that he engraved for him a visiting card, with merely the name of "M. D'Orleans;" he also engraved one for M. Talleyrand. One of the brothers of the Duke of Orleans was the Duke of Montpensier, who wrote his own memoirs, a copy of which, by the kindness of a friend, we have on our table. He was a military officer before the Revolution, but in the month of April 1793, being included in the decree, common to the whole family of the Bourbons, he was arrested and imprisoned with his father, the old Duke of Orleans, his two brothers, and the Duchess of Bourbon. The narrative of his captivity is replete with interest. On condition that the present King should quit France and they with him, the whole were liberated. After wandering over Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Lapland, &c. by advice of their mother they repaired to America. In this hemisphere the fortunes of the three brothers became united. They determined to travel together, and repaired to Virginia, and paid a visit to General Washington, at Mount Vernon, by invitation. They spent some time among the Cherokees and the Six Nations of Canada, witnessing their sports, and enjoying their freedom from restraint. Afterwards they visited the Falls of Niagara, and the Duke of Montpensier painted a very fine picture of the scene, which is now preserved in the gallery of the Palais Royal, along with several other pictures by him. The three brothers supported cheerfully the fatigues of this long and tiresome journey across uninhabited regions. Young and without restraint, in a country new and full of interest to Europeans, they experienced all the pleasures, and conquered the difficulties of their situation.

Shortly after their return to Philadelphia, in July 1797, the yellow fever broke out in this city. The sons of the richest heirs of Europe could not, for want of money, quit a place, to reside in which, was at the risk of life. It was not until the month of September, that, owing to their mother's momentary reinstatement in her property, they succeeded in obtaining the funds necessary to undertake a second journey. They first repaired to New York, from thence to Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. On

their return to Boston, they learned by the public papers that their mother had been embarked for Philadelphia, for which place they immediately set out with the expectation of meeting her, but on their arrival learned that she had been sent to Spain, and their first wish was to join her; but the poverty they were again reduced to, and the war between England and Spain, presented obstacles to their desires which were almost insurmountable. Only one method appeared practicable to them; that was, first to repair to Louisiana, which then belonged to Spain, from that to the Havana, from whence Spanish ships of war were occasionally sent to Europe, on board of which the three brothers embarked themselves with obtaining passage.

They left Philadelphia on the 10th of December 1797; descended, in the midst of ice, the Ohio and Mississippi as far as New Orleans, where they received the most flattering attentions from the Governor and inhabitants. There they took shipping for Havana. The Spanish government having sent orders to the Captain General of that island not to suffer them to remain there any longer, their ideas turned towards Great Britain, as the only asylum still open to their misfortunes. They embarked on board a small vessel which carried them to New York; the English packet conveyed them from thence to Falmouth, and they arrived in London early in 1800. There the Duke of Montpensier was destined to close his career. The last years of his life were cheered by the cultivation of the arts, and the tender friendship of the present King. But he had long exhibited symptoms of consumption, which carried him off in 1807. He lies interred in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome tablet marks the tomb of the princely wanderer and outcast. His brother has survived, after all his perils to be made King of a great Nation.

Gew-Gaws and Fancy Fashions.—By way of seeing the fashions, we stepped in the other day to the new and dashing store of Mr. Isaac De Young, a few doors above the post office in Chemung. It affords every facility for getting rid of small change, and young and old ladies and gentlemen may be furnished with every thing they want, from a feather to a fire bellows. By way of making Mr. Young's establishment known, we threw together on the spot a small memorandum of his wares. He has for sale—dogs and dolls; earrings and squirrel chains; tooth picks and soldiers' swords; barking puppies and thermometers; dirks and candlesticks; naked dolls and belles; razors and rouge; jumping ropes and masonic sashes; reticules and empty purses; stocks with hinges and harmonicas; garters with mottoes and bead pincushions; pocket wallets and waist buckles; smelling bottles and magic lanterns; Napoleon seals and violin strings; combs and dog collars; emery bags and horse fleams; thimbles and goggles; otto of rose and powder horns; percussion caps and babies' bonnets; corkscrews and tambouring needles; indelible ink and cologne water; powder puffs and ear bobs; canes and card-racks; scissors and false curls; pistols and fire screws; eye glasses and finger rings; hair pins and chess boards; dominos and shell snuff boxes; in short, Mr. Young will produce at a moment's warning a greater variety of nicknacks than any body we know, and if they would be saleable, he no doubt would soon have a new pattern of *gauze jockeys*!

Our Water Works.—So much is said and written on the subject of the wonderful supply of water to Philadelphia, that it would seem impossible to utter anything new about it. It may be interesting to readers at a distance, however,

to state that the present pumps discharge into the Reservoirs *five and a half millions of gallons* of water every twenty-four hours, and that the iron pipes now laid, measure 60 miles in length! Beat this any city in the world!

How do Philadelphians Live?—This is a question which receives as many answers as the prophets who attempt its version have opportunities for observation. A gentleman from the interior of Ohio, who had never been in the city before, called the other day at our office to pay his subscription, and in the course of conversation remarked, that he had read an article on the "Small Trades of Philadelphia," to which we devoted a column or two some weeks since, but that he considered those enumerated entirely inadequate to explain how we all got along, penned up between high brick walls, and some of us apparently without occupation or means to procure a livelihood. The limits of an office conversation seemed to add very little to his information on the subject; it led us, however, to reflection, and induced us to pen a few remarks which follow.

In a city possessing the capital and great resources of Philadelphia, a set of business wheels are necessarily in motion, which, though they work silently, are nevertheless very effective in producing profit to those who turn them. An immense amount of transfers in stocks and real estates afford, with even a commission of a quarter per cent, a handsome income to numbers. Some people who, apparently, are gentlemen without income, and live an idle life, pick up a profit by speculating in stocks, which, by management, can be done with very little capital. One man lives like a gentleman by being agent for a mercantile firm in Europe, who have transactions in American funds, American cotton, or deal in Exchange. Another gets along very comfortably without much confinement to business, by being agent for some factory of buttons, coffee-mills, nails, or paper, to the eastward. A fourth has a stake in a mill nearer home, to which he lends his capital for a certain heavy per cent. The fifth has about money to see that he has good security and gets his interest paid punctually. Here is a well dressed man with plenty of leisure, is at liberty most of the day, and to a stranger, seems to have no income—how does he live?—He plays a violin at one of the Theatres, or teaches music or French an hour or two every day; and when this fails, he tunes pianos, or gives lessons in fencing and dancing.

Another class who appear to get along very easily, are attached to a steamboat or stage line, which requires attendance only at certain hours. Here is a man with no visible means—he picks up his dollar a day at a billiard room, and when a certain sum is cleared, has the balance of his time to idle about like a gentleman, which, to the uninitiated eye, he appears to resemble. Great numbers live on the incomes derived from the rents of houses and stores, acquired by their parents or themselves; and another class, frequently constituting your limbs of law and medicine, live by marrying the daughters of such as can afford, for appearance sake, to support them. A numerous class live by catering for the vicious appetites of the rich. Here is a man (and a rare fish he is) who has drawn a prize in a lottery—he probably will walk the streets with money in his pocket for a few weeks, but it has been acquired so easily, that it will melt away before he is aware of it. The next one you see passing, gathers money by buying lots, or by building with other people's funds—he is well dressed, and to a casual observer has very little to do. Here is a fashionable equipage, drawn by sleek horses, and driven by a handsome coachman—the owner makes his money by

manufacturing for the rich artificial teeth at two hundred dollars a set, or by lecturing to the tune of a hundred dollars an hour to medical students or theatrical idlers—they have plenty of leisure, and are part of the wonders of a city. Some of us deal in paragraphs like the present, but though we have to appear idle, our heads are all the time woolgathering; and the last man to be wondered at, laughed at, or criticized, is the Editor of a paper, though unfortunately, while he is expected to foresee and explain everything, he is subject, like others, to all the ills of life, and generally receives as much thanks from the public as a shoe-black, and half the time, we fear, much smaller profits! We say nothing of people in regular business, nor have we enumerated a tenth of the employments which make profits for people who, to all appearance, must *get along* by accident—those we have named are a few rarely or never practised in the country, but which in cities support numbers; and while they seem to require little attention, are many of them accompanied with as much actual hard work as digging or ploughing, and are more uncertain and difficult to get into. Numerous beyond belief, are the class who do not *get along*, in the proper sense of the word, and it would fill a volume almost as large as our Directory, to enumerate the instances of adversity by which thousands are jostled from the crowd every year, drop through the numerous pitfalls set for their destruction—who disappear and are forgotten, nobody knows how, and after a week, nobody cares where.

Newspapers.—“Have you read the *Oxonians*?” said a gentleman to his friend at the post office window the other day, while we were waiting at the window of that very commodious and accommodating place of doing business.—“No,” was the prompt reply, with a smile, “I never get time to read anything but newspapers.” This we apprehended would be the honest reply of a great mass of American readers. It is not our business to quarrel with their tastes, and since the time that newspapers have contained so much matter as more properly to be styled *magazines*, they supply the place of books, very naturally, to those who have not much time to devote to literature. We suspect however, that most people do not employ all the time they might, in acquiring information. It is said that any man who chooses may become rich; but it would be nearer the truth to say that every body who chooses, may be well informed. Books in this country are remarkably cheap and accessible, from some source, to all classes who desire to read.

The casual remark of our post office neighbor led us to reflect somewhat seriously on the importance of journals that preserve the grand objects in view, to illuminate and reform, as well as to take into consideration the infamy and guilt of those who poison the public mind—wreak the faith of revelation—unhinge the ties of moral order, and disseminate opinions subversive of the well being of civilized society. Could the authors indeed, of such publications, sit down and consider with a calm attention, what enormous ill effects may result from their want of integrity or duty as men and citizens, they would shudder at the reflection, and expiate their guilt by instant amendment.

The general direction of our public prints, it is to be hoped is good. Nearly all tend to convey instruction and to generalize knowledge. By giving intelligence from every quarter of the globe, they excite enquiries; by displaying the good and bad qualities of other nations, they remove ill-founded prejudices, or confirm deserved aversion. They communicate beneficial discoveries, which would otherwise be lost; they

record transactions which engage admiration, or rivet disgust; they warn by example, and instruct by contrast. They diffuse taste; they correct prevailing absurdities. They awe the proudest into a conviction of the necessity of keeping some terms with morality and public opinion; they deter the weak from crime, lest they should be held up to the public detestation; and in fine, they watch over individual and public *Liberty*, which can never be violated with impunity, while the *PRESS* remains pure and free.

Thus the labors of the fraternity of Editors appear capable of producing more extensively beneficial consequences, than the abilities of a Plato, a Socrates or a Johnson. When the well meaning part of society become as fully aware of the influence of the press, and learn to use it for their purposes as aptly as our politicians, we may hope to hear of better times, and more encouraging prospects of mental reform.

“Would parents and tutors be careful to put a well conducted and chaste newspaper in the way of ingenious youth,” says a celebrated author, “they would find it lead to great and rapid improvements in the science of life and manners, with the least possible trouble to themselves. Novelty has sufficient attractions for the young; and such a literary dessert might be made a matter of favor, which would give a higher relish to its enjoyment.”

Theatrical Beauties.—A question having arisen between some theatre goers regarding the beauty of two theatrical female pretenders to beauty, reminds us of an anecdote told of Voltaire and Lord Chesterfield. We hope these ladies are the only ones in our city who paint, but if they are not, let them study our anecdote. Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed to be gazing round the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire thus accosted him:—“My Lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?” “Upon my word,” replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, “I am no connoisseur in paintings.” Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman’s rout with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up and tapped him on the shoulder, saying, “Sir, take care you are not captivated.” “My Lord,” replied the French wit, “I scorn to be taken by an English hull under French colors!”

To Persons in want of Employ.—The annexed advertisement is from the last New York Constellation—

“WANTED, in a newspaper office, a man possessing a variety of tact, to procure subscribers, collect money, solicit advertisements, pick up local news, and take police reports. Such an one bringing good recommendations, and a small capital, will find good encouragement. Inquire at this office.”

This reminds us of our own wants, and we take the editorial liberty of advertising gratis, thus:—

Wanted, in a newspaper office, a man of talent for the original departments of the editorial columns, who perfectly understands his business, and is able to write a paper into the favor of all parties throughout the Union, and make it interesting abroad. A few other qualifications only are requisite; he must be able to relate every occurrence of interest, whether it occurs in Southwark, the Northern Liberties, Penn Township, or in the heart of the city. If a man whips his wife in secret, or a boy walks against the

edge of an axe and cuts off his nose, he will be expected by his employer to have accurate and immediate information of the particulars. He must on occasion be able also “to pick up” either types or police reports, nib the Editor’s pens, fold and pack papers to the amount of two cart loads a week, keep our devil’s face clean, scold the carriers weekly, keep order in the office, pay all notes, be a good judge both of paper and paragraphs, attend the Theatres regularly, and be a good critic of elocution and dancing, tell whether the orchestra keeps time with the *prima donna*, or the dancers’ feet touch the floor at the right moment;—he must have Shakspere and a cane at his fingers ends—the first to confound all opposition from minor critics, and the second to ward off blows from that class of subscribers who take offence at every display of talent. He must be able to write a letter from Algiers, Paris, or Washington, at a moment’s notice, and detail all that has passed during a long interregnum of news. Such an one bringing good recommendations, and a small capital, will find good encouragement. Enquire at all the newspaper offices in America. As such people are plenty, and applications are expected to be numerous, the postage must be paid to insure attention.

N. B. None under twelve years of age will answer.

The Celebration.—Monday last was a gala-day with our citizens, having been set apart, as our readers were informed, by the military, to celebrate the occurrences of the French Revolution. By eight o’clock the streets were alive with young and old, anxious to see and hear all that was going forward. The weather presented the finest specimen of an October day. A contemporary Editor has so well described the events of the day, that we adopt his remarks, and insert in addition, the address of Miss Chapron, and Capt. Page’s reply, which are interesting from the sentiments they contain, as well as from the circumstance of the donor being an amiable young lady. “This city,” says the Editor of the National Gazette, “presented on Monday a scene of general animation and joyfulness. Tri-colored flags and cockades were seen in great numbers at an early hour in the morning; and the volunteer companies were all on the alert betimes in their best accoutrements. It was a matter of high satisfaction that the people seemed to take a lively interest in the main object, as well as the military parade of the day. About 10 o’clock the battalion under Colonel Page marched to the dwelling of John M. Chapron, Esq. where a splendid tri-colored standard was presented to the Colonel for the battalion, and an address delivered to him by Miss Chapron, whom he replied in form.”

Between 11 and one o’clock the whole military array, under command of Major General Cadwalader, moved from the neighborhood of that officer’s mansion in Arch Street, and paraded through the streets which had been selected for the march. Several fine looking companies from the country made part of the brilliant and well ordered procession. The spectacle in the windows of the houses, of crowds of ladies with tri-colored ribbons—the hosts of gay spectators on the pavements—and the multitude of amateur equestrians preceding or following the regular line—enhanced considerably the exhilarating effect of this celebration. All credit and praise are in fact due to the General who commanded and his associates, for their arrangements and efforts—worthy as they were of the principles and feelings which prompted them—and to the body of the citizens who harmonized with them in sentiment, and preserved every where a decorum becoming the dignity of

their common purpose, and the character of Philadelphia.

In the evening, some handsome transparencies were exhibited, and the three principal theatres filled."

MISS CHAPRON'S ADDRESS.

CAPTAIN PAGE—It is with feelings of the most joyful emotion, that I perform the pleasing duty of presenting to the citizen soldiers under your command, this Tri-colored Banner, which so lately has been the signal, round which have rallied the brave citizens of France, in the successful defence of their right to be represented in the councils of the nation, to the free exercise of their religion after that form of worship which shall seem most proper to each, to the uncontrolled expression and communication of their opinions on all subjects, and to perfect equality in the eye of the law, between every individual in the nation.

America had marked from afar, with mingled feelings of indignation and sympathy, of disappointment and hope, the long and protracted sufferings of France, successively from popular frenzy and misguided zeal, from the brilliant and dazzling but oppressive rule of the mighty conqueror, and from the gradual encroachments of the absolute system of an imbecile and obstinate dynasty. But now, when she beholds the children of France, rising in all the majesty of virtuous indignation, proclaiming and vindicating with unparalleled bravery, those heaven-born principles, which she herself had first promulgated, and maintained, and sealing their devotion to them with their blood; now then she hails her loudly and rapturously as worthy of her sisterly love, and with tears of joy throws out her arms to clasp her to her heart.

To you, then, brave Children of America, the hope and pride of your country, this noble standard is committed, to wave in harmonious folds with our own glorious "Star Spangled Banner," an emblem of that friendship which should always unite two nations, who boast of having for their fathers, WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE.

When the standard had been given to the Sergeant, and one of the bands had played a national air, Capt. Page made the following

REPLY:

Recent events in France have elicited in behalf of her people the undivided and extensive interest of a large portion of the civilized globe. Wherever the intelligence of her mighty struggles has been carried, admiration of the courage of her citizens, sympathy in their afflictions and joy for their success have commingled, and her regeneration has been greeted as an epoch teeming with the happiest consequences for all mankind.

In our own tranquil republic, such a change from the extreme of despotism to the full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, effected by the spontaneous and wonderful exertions of an intelligent population, with a rapidity and heroism unknown in the annals of history, is indeed loudly hailed by millions of freemen. The intrepidity, and prudence of the citizens of Paris, and the devotion and forbearance of the National Guard, form a theme for every tongue, and deserve to be cherished in the hearts of all who are not dead to that homage which high and honorable feeling never refuses to extend to the choicest virtues of the human character. Long will the citizens of America remember the glorious conduct of their brethren in France. They fought to vindicate and restore laws insulted and trampled upon—and when they succeeded in establishing their reign, were the first to acknowledge their influence and submit to their power. Thus it is always with the soldiers of freedom; they can never be other than the friends of their country.

I accept then, fair lady, this beautiful standard, to be cherished by the men I have the honor to command, as an object, with which every inspiring sentiment is associated—reminding them as it will, not only of *patriotism*, but of that beauty and innocence which it is their happiness to admire—their duty to protect. On this auspicious day, a day set apart by our citizen soldiers to celebrate the triumph of a nation, which gratitude will not permit us to forget; its folds shall harmoniously unite with those of the "stripes and stars," and while they gently min-

gle upon the breeze, sacred emblems of "liberty and order," the names of WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE, immortal champions of both, shall be wafted to heaven with the purest of aspirations.

The standard was very beautifully decorated, and was, in point of elegance, fully worthy the occasion.

The Duke of Orleans in Philadelphia.—The annexed highly interesting paragraph appeared in the National Gazette a few days since, and will be perused by our numerous readers at this time with peculiar interest.

"The Duke of Orleans, now King of France, spent several months in Philadelphia in 1797. His whole conduct here was devoid of pride or discontent. The times seemed to indicate a total loss of rank and fortune; yet he was cheerful and resigned; nothing, indeed, could be more unpresuming and gentlemanly than his demeanor here. My intercourse with him was frequent. He came to Philadelphia from Hamburg in the ship America, commanded by Captain Ewing. On landing, he was invited by David Coningham, Esq. now alive, to lodge at his house in Front Street, where he was visited by many gentlemen of the city, and entertained very hospitably for several weeks. Mr. Coningham, as one of the house of Coningham & Nesbitt, was consigned and owner of the ship.

Not long after his arrival in Philadelphia, he was joined by his two brothers, the Dukes de Montpensier and Beaujolois. These young princes had been confined by the authorities of France, in the Chateau D'Il, situate on an island in the Mediterranean, opposite to Marseilles, and obtained their liberty on condition of going to America. For want of a better conveyance, they took their passage in a brig that had on board upwards of a hundred of our countrymen, just released from slavery at Algiers. They bore their exile with becoming fortitude, appearing like their elder brother, submissive and cheerful. I saw them often in society. On one occasion, meeting the three brothers in the street, Mr. D'Orleans (for so the elder brother was always called) told me that he had just heard that his good friend Captain Ewing, of the ship America, was at the wharf, on his return from Hamburg, and that he wished to take him by the hand, and introduce his brothers to him. I accompanied them to Ross's wharf, where the America had that moment hauled in. Captain Ewing came on shore, and was received by Mr. D'Orleans with the warmest cordiality, and presented to the brothers. This evidence of kind feeling on the part of the princes, and total absence of all pride or notion of superiority, showed that in them exalted birth, and royal education, were no obstacles to the adoption of our own plain republican manners.

Shortly after, they travelled all three on horseback to Pittsburg. I saw them pass along Market street, equip as Western traders then used to ride—having a blanket over the saddle, and their saddle bags on each side. When they returned, Mr. D'Orleans hired a very humble apartment in Fourth near Prune street, where I visited him. He did me the favor to trace the route he had just taken, on a map that hung in his room, and told me that they managed very well along the road; taking care of themselves at the taverns, and leaving their horses to be groomed by the only servant they had with them. "We could have done very well," said he, "without any servant, had we not been anxious about our horses."

These distinguished exiles afterwards descended the Mississippi, and went to the Havana, and from thence to Cadiz; and subsequently having made their peace with the brothers of Louis the 16th, the present King Philip married a princess of the reigning Bourbons of Naples.

We had in Philadelphia at the time they were here, Talleyrand, the Duke de Liancourt, Volney, De Noailles, Talon, and many others; most of whom returned to France, and played a part in the post-republican scenes of the revolutionary drama.

It is worthy of remark, that the King of England and the King of France have both been in Philadelphia."

We may add to this, that the bulk of the

Duke of Orleans's wealth has, ever since the above period, been invested in this country. He is probably the richest individual in Europe.—His broker resides in Philadelphia; and for many years past, has regularly invested in bank stock the entire income of the large amount already owned by the Duke. It is said that of his money here, not a dollar, either of his principal or interest, has ever been remitted to him; but that the whole has gone on increasing from year to year, until it has reached the sum of many millions of dollars.

THE ENGRAVING.

The village of Rochester is situated on the Genesee River, seven miles south from Lake Ontario. This village, which, for population, extent and business, may soon rank among our cities, was not settled until about the close of the last war; its progress was not very rapid until about the year 1820, from which period it has rapidly improved until the present day. It now contains a population of over 12,000 inhabitants. The first census of the village was taken in December 1815, and the number of inhabitants then, was three hundred and thirty-one.

The Aqueduct, which takes the Erie Canal across the river, forms a prominent object of interest to all travellers. It is of hewn stone, containing eleven arches of fifty feet span—its length eight hundred feet; but a considerable part of each end is hid from view by mills erected since its construction.

The word *Genesee*, is formed from the Indian name, for *Pleasant Valley*, which is very descriptive of the river and its vicinity.

The *Genesee River*, the principal natural feature in this district, rises on the "Grand Plateau," or table-land of Western Pennsylvania, interlocking with the head waters of the Alleghany and Susquehanna rivers, around which, a tract of six miles square might be so located as to embrace their several waters, which flow into the Atlantic Ocean, through the bays of St. Lawrence, Mexico and Chesapeake—and they are probably elevated *one thousand and seven hundred feet* above the tide waters of the Atlantic.*

The Genesee flats, (to which probably the Indian appellation for the river referred) must strike every eye as peculiarly worthy the name. These are either natural prairies or Indian clearings, (of which, however, the present Indians have no tradition) and lying, to an extent of many thousand acres, between the villages of Geneseo, Moscow and Mount Morris; which now crown the declivities of their surrounding uplands, and contrasting their smooth verdure with the shaggy hills, that bound the horizon, and their occasional clumps of spreading trees, with the tall and naked relics of the forest, nothing can strike

with a more agreeable sensation the eye long accustomed to the uninterrupted prospect of a level and wooded country. Had the Indians, who first gave this name to the valley, witnessed the flocks and herds that now enliven its landscape, and the busy towns with spires overlooking it from the neighboring hills, the boats transporting its superabundant wealth down its winding stream, and the scenes of intellectual and moral felicity to which it contributes in the homes of its present enlightened occupants; and had they been able to appreciate this, they would have contrived the longest superlative which their language

could furnish, to give it a name.

Of *Sam Patch* little can be said, which will be new to the reader. A view of the scaffold from which he made his "*last jump*," will be seen on the brink of the island which separates the main stream from that produced by the waste water from the mill-race. At the time that the unfortunate jumper ended his career, the river was low, and the falls near him on either side were bare. The unfeigned courage manifested in the leaps of Patch, show only what daring and almost impossible feats can be made familiar to the mind, by a steady progressive course of practice.

At the fall of Niagara, he made two leaps in safety—one of eighty and the other of one hundred and thirty feet, into a vast gulf of deep waters, foaming and rushing from the commotion produced by a fall of near two hundred feet! In November 1829, Patch came to Rochester to astonish the citizens by a leap from the falls. His first attempt was successful, and in the presence of thousands, he leaped from the point to which we have already directed the reader, a distance of one hundred feet, into the abyss, in safety. On the 14th of the same month, he advertised to take his "*last jump*," (meaning his last jump that season.) The words that headed his bill, "*Sam's last jump!*" were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. He however, threw himself off, and the waters received him in their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters. His body was found the past spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 125 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black handkerchief taken from his neck while on the scaffold, and tied about the body, was still there. His intrepidity and daring was the only thing about him that recommended itself to the attention of his fellow men. He had perfect command of himself while in the air, and had he not been given to habits of intoxication, he might have astonished the world, perhaps for years, with the greatest feats ever performed by man.

* This is a region of bituminous coal of good quality.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several valuable contributors whom we cannot specify to-day, must please have patience with us. They shall receive attention in due course.

S. cannot expect us to insert his tirade without good substantial authority.

SALAMANDER's description of the mode of gaining popularity from three parties at once during a canvass for an election, would be appropriate to the season but not to this paper.

PUBLICOLA to the people of New York, on a proper supply of water, had better be addressed to a paper in Gotham, to whom with his leave we shall forward it.

X is received.

"Truants from College" is funny enough, but would prove useless to the community generally.

SUSANNAH is in dudgeon at our classing "razors and rouge" together—we hope she never will do so herself.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

LEOPOLD OF SAXE COBOURG SAAL-FIELD.

Prince Leopold, who now bids fair to become a Regent of England, is the younger son of the Prince of Cobourg, who at one time held a very important command in the allied armies. The subject of this sketch was born in 1790, and as soon as he was capable for serving, joined the Austrian army, in which, after various services, he attained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. It is asserted by no other than the great Napoleon himself, that he solicited from him the place of Aid-de-Camp, and it was merely accidental that he did not obtain it.—A very different fortune had in that case awaited him. The post of aid, though it was sometimes a step to the further favors of the French sovereign, generally "laid on the shelf" its unlucky occupant.

Luckily for Leopold there was too great a crowd of German princes who were also applicants for offices of the same character, to be all gratified by the household arrangements of the Tuilleries. He therefore remained somewhat in obscurity until 1814, when he followed the allied sovereigns to London.—The events that followed this visit were of a different character. The poor German prince whose necessities had driven him into the army for subsistence, soon became "the cynosure" of British eyes. The Princess Charlotte was then 18 years of age, possessing a fine person, a cultivated mind, and a most amiable heart. The Prince met her "in good society," and their acquaintance terminated in an affection, which was unquestionably an affair of the heart. She was at this very time destined to be the wife of the hereditary Prince of Orange. This personage was a great favorite with the English nation; he had pursued his studies and received a degree at Oxford; he had also served with credit in the army of Spain, and was evidently a sensible and pleased observer of their laws and customs. But

"Love rules the camp, the cours, the grave;" and the handsome Leopold became the object of the Princess's choice. She intimated the change in her feelings to her father, who, in this instance, consulting the feelings of a parent rather than those of a monarch, promptly assented to her wishes, and gave directions for the adjustment of the preliminaries of the marriage. It is said that when one of the English ministry called upon her to arrange some of the details of the settlement, she remarked there was a want of liberality in the propositions submitted to her, that she was "heiress to the Throne of England, and that, though she was about to marry Leopold, she did not mean to merge her claims to the standard of those of Mrs. Cobourg!" The Princess was a high spirited woman, educated with the greatest care, and particularly well acquainted with the history of her own country. She spoke with fluency, French, Spanish, German, and Italian, performed well on the harp, piano and guitar, and drew with great facility and good taste. She possessed a susceptible and affectionate heart, and would have been the ornament of any situation in life.

The Prince having been naturalized by act of parliament, and raised to a handsome rank in the army, at length received the hand of his bride on the second of May, 1816, on which occasion the first kiss was bestowed by her on her royal father.

"The heart's high fealty
Scarce pledged, still on the altar's steps her knee,
Her nature rush'd upon her, her tears out sprung,
She rose, and round her sire her white arms flung."

Clairemont, a very beautiful place, was given them for their residence. \$300,000 dollars were allowed them as an outfit, and \$300,000 a year settled on them, \$250,000 of which was to continue to Leopold if he survived her.

The English speak with enthusiasm of the

happiness of the young lovers. They are represented as living solely for each other. They seldom left home except when their presence was required at court, but passed their time in riding out together in the morning, visiting the cottages of the country people, in doing acts of benevolence and evincing good will to the poor.

After dinner they painted together, and the evenings were passed in reading or devoted to music.

To those of our readers who have heard with horror the misery of high life abroad, it may not be displeasing to mention that a picture of conjugal love could no where be found more pleasing than at Claremont.

The following lines were written by the Princess to be inscribed upon a snuff box, which Hayter had ornamented with a portrait of Leopold, and which she had intended to present him. They give evidence of poetic talent of a promising kind—

"To Claremont's terrac'd heights and Esher's groves,
Wherein the sweetest solitude's embrac'd,
By the soft winding of the silent mole
From Courts and cities, Charlotte finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achai or Hesperia shown—
A vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of its toil."

High expectations were naturally formed of the future reign of such a woman, but her premature death in 1817, deeply disappointed them. The physician who attended her, shot himself in despair, it is supposed, at his want of success in the treatment of her case.

The distress of her husband, as might be supposed, was severe in the extreme. A wife and a throne were at once lost to him forever. It is certain that his conduct has ever been that of a sincere mourner. It is well known that the sovereignty of Greece has been recently offered to him, but the reasons for his declension, if sincerely given, are those which will do him honor.

It is thought that he will be included in the proposed Regency, from his near connexion with the heiress apparent, and that it has induced him to decline the honor of governing Greece. He is already a colonel of dragoons, a British field marshal, and knight of the garter. It is rumored that he is shortly to be made Duke of Kendal. Kendal is a town in Westmoreland, and has already conferred the title of Duchess on the famous Mademoiselle Schulemburg, whose ungainly appearance and swarthy skin did not prevent her from being the favorite of George the 1st. One would think that, with such a remembrance before him, the Prince would prefer some other Dukedom.

LUNATIC LAYS.

"I want to go upon the stage—
Want to go upon the stage—
And wear a wig and feathers,
I envy each tragedian—
The laurels that he gathers;
I'm sure that I could give effect
To Richard's ruthless menace;
Oh, would that I might black my face,
And act the Moor of Venice!"

My father talks of what he calls
Respectable employments.
Condemning as Tom-fooleries
My Thespian enjoyments;
He calls me mounting mountebank,
And ranting rogue, and stroller;
And not a servant in the house
Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,
And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—
(She left me nothing in her will—
How could I so incense her!)
I flew to Cowes, where in a barn
I found some kindred spirits,
And soon I made the manager
Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—
(He well knew what a star meant—)
And I enacted Romeo

In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment;
My Juliet was a charming girl,
A most delicious creature!
With eyes—such eyes! and oh! her nose—
I idolized the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was my costume,
And her's was muslin spangled,
And when the Nurse call'd her away,
I wish'd she had been strangled;
When we lay corpses side by side,

A gentle squeeze she gave me,

And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love?"

I sighed, "Ay, if thou'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,

My angry father found me—

Oh horrid night! methinks I see

Scene-shifters grinning round me!

Alas! the scene they shifted not—

The very pit seems full yet—

I cannot tell the tragedy—

He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night

The stage I've never entered,

In life's obscure realities

My father's thoughts are centered,

Misguided man! beneath his roof

Now pines a slight Roscius,

Whose manhood pants to realise

Youth's promises precocious.

In tragic moods, I push my wig
High up upon my forehead.

I cork my eye-brows, and assume

A stare that's very horrid:

I roar a word or two, and then

Speak low, you scarce can hear me—

And then I thump my breast—ye gods!

At Drury how you'd cheer me!

Genteelly comic I can be,
And farcically spritely,

I'm excellent in Pantomime,

In Ballet parts dance lightly:

Were Mr. Lee, the new lessee,

Aware of such a treasure.

If I ask'd fifty pounds a night,

He'd give them me with pleasure!

EPITAPH IN GUILDFORD CHURCH YARD, ENGLAND.

Reader, pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography or bitter rhyme—
For what I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was, is no affair of yours.

COMMUNICATION.

TOBACCO.

The use of this weed in persons of gross habits is very probably not only harmless, but in many cases beneficial. Withdrawing from the system by a continual discharge of saliva, those secretions which supply the juices and contribute to the too free nourishment of the body, thereby preventing that grossness to which many constitutions have a too ready tendency. Nothing can therefore be more apparent than that those very properties which render the use of tobacco in such cases of service, must render it pernicious in the extreme to persons of an opposite nature. And hence the existence of many of the thin, hatchet-faces, which are seen in our streets; with lanthorn jaws, sallow complexions, and lips of barely sufficient consistency to squirt tobacco juice through them; to which filthy occupation they seem to have a natural fitness. I myself am personally acquainted with several of those spare-ribs, who continually remind me of Pharo's lean kine. They spit away that which should go towards nourishing the body, and by this drawing, keep the digestive organs, like a squeezed lemon, incapable of performing their natural and necessary functions. From day to day they complain of indigestion and dispepsia, with all its horrors, and yet from day to day go on squeezing their dry sponge, or only moistening it with a decoction of tobacco juice. It is really astonishing that such persons will persist in a practice so obviously and highly pernicious.

MEDICUS.

AN OLOIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

CONTEMPT.—Contempt is a thing not to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind; but no man, by lifting his head high, can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.—Burke.

HABIT.—We are so wonderfully formed, that, whilst we are creatures vehemently desirous of novelty, we are as strongly attached to habit and custom. But it is the nature of things which hold us by custom, to affect us very little while we are in possession of them, but strongly when they are absent. I remember to have frequented a certain place every day for a long time together; and I may truly say, that so far from finding pleasure in it, I was affected with a sort of weariness and disgust; I came, I went, I returned without pleasure; yet if by any means I passed by the usual time of my going thither, I was remarkably uneasy, and was not quiet till I had got into my old track. They who use snuff, take it almost without being sensible that they take it, and the acute sense of smell is deadened, so as to feel hardly any thing from so sharp a stimulus; yet deprive the snuff-taker of his box, and he is the most uneasy mortal in the world.—Ibid.

POETS

How shall my debts be paid? or can my score
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
Hexameter's no sterling; and I fear
What the brain coins goes scarce for current
there.
Can metre cancel bonds? is there a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,
Are the nine muses held sufficient bail?
Would they to any composition come,
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
Of active fancy? Randolph.

FORBEARANCE.—There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Men may tolerate injuries whilst they are only personal to themselves. But it is not the first of virtues to bear with moderation the indignities that are offered to our country.—Ibid.

Oh, no! you cannot share with me
The feelings of a mother! She was not
Part of your being as mine; you never watch'd
From its first struggling into life the picture
Of her unfolding flowers! so helplessly
Lying, so all-unconscious between life
And death, dependent on a mother's love!
You never felt her joy in seeing her own
Lineaments germinating forth, her voice and features,
Nay, actions, imitated, and her smile
Reflected in the light from its raised eyes!
And growing up, you cannot know the fond
And anxious watching of each new development;

The pride of seeing them realised, in feeling
Youth's hopes and fears and innocent joys again
All—all revived in them! Anon.

PAINTERS.—Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves, till they are dead. I paint the living and they make me live.—Sir Godfrey Kneller.

EPITAPH IN STORRINGTON CHURCH YARD, ENGLAND.

Here lies the body of Edward Hyde,
We laid him here because he died;
If it had been his sister,
We should not have missed her;

But we had rather

It had been his father—

But since it is poor honest Ned,

No more about him shall be said.

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